AFTER DINNER
STORIES

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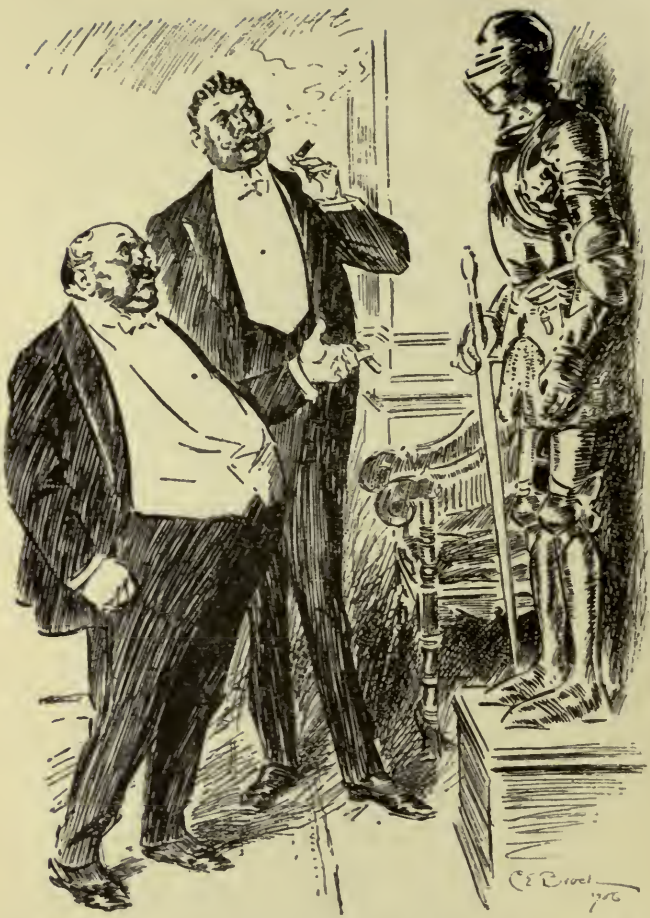
PUNCH LIBRARY OF HUMOUR

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

Designed to provide in a series of volumes, each complete in itself, the cream of our national humour, contributed by the masters of comic draughtsmanship and the leading wits of the age to "Punch," from its beginning in 1841 to the present day

MR. PUNCH'S AFTER-DINNER STORIES



PROGRESS.—"I maintain that the race has improved in pnysique since those days. Now *we* couldn't get into that armour!"

MR. PUNCH'S AFTER-DINNER STORIES

WITH 155 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, GEORGE DU MAURIER, PHIL MAY, L. RAVEN-HILL, J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, F. H. TOWNSEND, REGINALD CLEAVER, LEWIS BAUMER, A. S. BOYD, TOM WILKINSON, G. D. ARMOUR, AND OTHERS

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ON THE WARPATH
BOOK OF LOVE
WITH THE CHILDREN

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POST-PRANDIAL WIT

THERE is a sense, of course, in which everything from the pages of MR. PUNCH might be regarded as coming into a collection entitled "After Dinner Stories." All good stories are really for telling after dinner. Somehow or other one seldom associates wit and humour with the breakfast table, although the celebrated breakfast parties of Rogers, the banker, were doubtless in no way deficient in either. Over the walnuts and wine, when men have feasted well and are feeling on the best of terms with themselves and their fellows, the cares of the day put past and the pleasures of the gas-lit hours begun, that is undoubtedly the ideal time for the flow of wit.

It must not, therefore, be thought that the present volume is in anywise distinguished from the others of the series to which it belongs in the appropriateness of its contents for the dinner party. No more than any of its companions is it designed to that end; but as it is concerned almost exclusively with the humours of dining, with stories of diners, it will be admitted that its title is not without justification. Private dinner parties, public banquets, the solitary dinner at the restaurant, the giving and accepting of invitations, these and many other phases of dining come within its scope, and if it be noticed that a considerable amount of its humour has something of the fragrance of good old port—to say nothing of the aroma of wines that are

bad!—it can only be retorted that MR. PUNCH's duty has ever been to mirror the manners of the changing time, and in his early days the wine flowed more freely than it does to-day. For our personal taste we could have wished less of this humour of the bottle, but throughout this library an effort has been made to maintain in some degree a historical perspective, so that, in addition to the prime purpose of entertainment, each of these books in MR. PUNCH'S LIBRARY might be a faithful picture of the manners of the Victorian period in which most of his life has been passed. If to-day these manners seem to us just a trifle coarser than we esteem the social habits of our own day, surely that is a comforting reflection and one not lightly to be lost!

MR. PUNCH'S AFTER-DINNER STORIES

Mrs. Jones. And pray, Mr. Jones, what is the matter now?

Jones. I was only wondering, my dear, where you might have bought this fish.

Mrs. Jones. At the fishmonger's. Where do you suppose I bought it?

Jones. Well, I thought that, *perhaps*, there might have been a remnant sale at the Royal Aquarium!

EXCUSE FOR DRINKING BEFORE DINNER.—To whet the appetite.

Voice from above. "What are you doing down there, Parkins?"
Parkins. "I'm jush—puttin' away the port, shir!"

Commissionaire. "Would you like a four-wheeler or a 'ansom sir?" *Convivial Party (indistinctly).* "Ver' mush oblige—but—reely don't think I *could* take 'ny more!"

RICE AND PRUNES

RICE and prunes a household journal
Called the chief of household boons;
Hence my mother cooks diurnal
Rice and prunes.

Therefore on successive noons,
Sombre fruit and snowy kernel
Woo reluctant forks and spoons.

As the ear, when leaves are vernal,
Wearies of the blackbird's tunes,
So we weary of eternal
Rice and prunes.

NEVER SPEAK IN A HURRY

The Hospitable Jones. Yes, we're in the same old place, where you dined with us last year. By the bye, old man, I wish you and your wife would come and take pot-luck with us again on the——

The Impulsive Brown (*in the eagerness of his determination never again to take pot-luck with the Joneses*). My *dear* fellow! *So* sorry! But we're engaged on the—a—on the—er—on th-th-that evening!

Poor Jones (*pathetically*). Well, old man, you *might* have given me time just to *name the day*.

"WHO PAYS THE PIPER CALLS THE TUNE"

Johnnie (to waiter). "Aw—you're the boss—head waiter, eh?"

Waiter. "Yessir."

Johnnie. "Ah, well, just—ah—send up to your *orchestra chaps*, and tell 'em I really can't eat my dinner to *that* tune."

A Last Resource.—A happy and independent bachelor finds himself suddenly disappointed of his Christmas party in the country; he has ordered nothing at home, has given his cook and man-servant leave to invite their friends; his intimate companions are out of town, and, on arriving at his club, he is informed by the hall porter that "there is no dinner to-night, as the servants are having a party." Only one resource, a hotel, or dinner at a restaurant, all alone!

THE VERY LATEST DISCOVERY.—*Amateur Astronomical Student (returning home, after attending scientific bachelor dinner, where "the reported discovery of a new Satellite of Saturn" has been warmly discussed).* "Where am I? Letsh shee—(*considering*)—Earth's got *one* moon. Mars 's got five moo—Jup'tush nine—I shee two moons. Then—*where* am I?"

EFFECT OF GOOD CHEER

Aspect of Jones and Smith at two different

ON OPPOSITE TEMPERAMENTS

stages of the same sumptuous repast.

At the Celestial Restaurant

Customer (*indignantly*). Hi!. waiter, what do you call this soup?

Waiter (*meekly*). I not know, sir, but ze padrone tell me to describe 'im cocks-tail!

The "Status Quo Ante"

Squire (*desiring to improve the taste of his Country Friends, has introduced at his table, in the place of the usual brandied Spanish and Portuguese wines, the natural vintages of France and Germany*). Now, Mr. Barleymead, how do you like this "chateau Lafitte"? Another glass——

Farmer B. Thanky, sir; it's uncommon nice. —(*He had drunk a bottle or two.*)—But we don't seem to get no forruder!!

"The Coming Man."—A waiter.

So very Conscientious!—*Master of the House.* "Why, Jenkins, what on earth is the matter with you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" *Butler* (*with great deliberation*). "Well, shir—if you pleashe, shir—itsh not quite *my* fault. You told me to taste every bottle of wine before dinner, in cashe one should be corked. I've only carried out in-shtrucshuns."

THE VERB TO DINE

Present Tense

I dine.
Thou joinest me.
He tries to whip us up for a division.
We smoke our cigars.
Ye drink your port.
They are defeated in the lobby.

Imperfect Tense

I was dining.
Thou wast holding a reception.
He was attending it.
We were feeling puzzled.
Ye were reading the *Globe* and *Pall Mall.*
They were not knowing what to make of it.

DISCUSSING AN ABSENT FRIEND

"Yes, Robinson's a clever feller, and he's a modest feller, and he's a honest feller; but, betwixt you and I and the *post*, Mr. Jones," said Brown, confidentially, picking his wisdom tooth with his little finger nail, "Robinson ain't got neither the looks, nor yet the language, nor yet the manners of a *gentleman!*"

"Right you are, sir!" said Jones, shovelling the melted remains of his ice pudding into his mouth with a steel knife (which he afterwards wiped on the tablecloth). "*You've 'it 'im orf to a T!*"

Future Tense

I shall dine.
Thou wilt join my party.
He will squirm.
We shall promote the unity of the party.
Ye will applaud.
They will call a meeting at the "Reform."

Perfect Tense

I have dined.
Thou hast made ambiguous remarks.
He has explained them away.
We have tried to make it all sweet again.
Ye have split a soda.
They have split the party.

Subjunctive Present

I may dine.
Thou mayest object.
He may want to state his views.
We may insist on our dinners.
Ye may agree with them.
They may disagree with you.

First Convivial. "'Sh two o'clock! Wha'll er misshus shay?"

Second Convivial. "Thash allri'! Shay you bin wi' me—(*hic*)!"

SUBJUNCTIVE IMPERFECT

I might dine.
Thou mightest emerge from Berkeley Square.
He might resign.
We might lead.
Ye might follow.
They might not.

IMPERATIVE

Dine thou!
Let him speak out!
Let us know who is our leader!
Read ye the *Times* and *Globe!*
Let them settle the question for us!

INFINITIVE

Present: To split.
Past: To have been a party.

AFTER-DINNER CONSIDERATION. — "Hippopotamuses" is a better test-word of fitness for joining the ladies than "British Constitution."

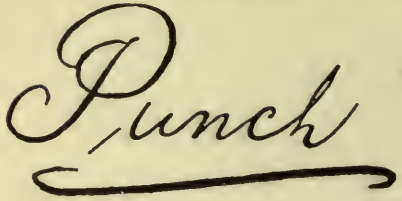
"IN CONFIDENCE"

Dining-room, Apelles Club

Diner. "Thomson, do the members ask for this wine?"
Head Waiter (*sotto voce*). "Not twice, sir!"

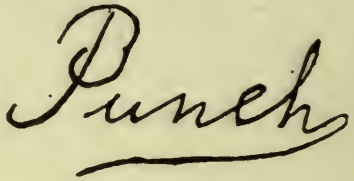
SPECIMENS OF MR. PUNCH'S SIGNATURES!

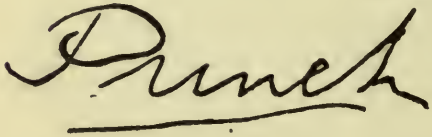
(Fac-similes taken during the course of the evening.)



THIS IS BEFORE DINNER, 7·30. ATTESTED BY SEVERAL WITNESSES.

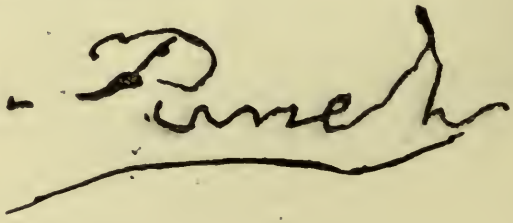
THIS IS AFTER THE PUNCH À LA ROMAINE, ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE BANQUET.

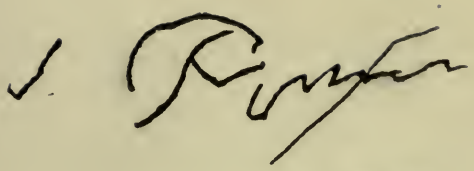




THIS IS WITH THE DESSERT.

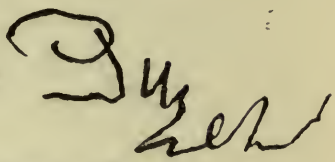
AFTER THE CLARET.



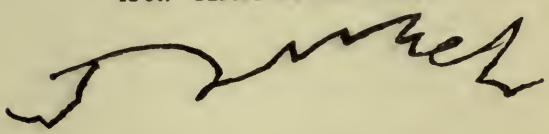


After the Claret *and* the Port

During the Cigars, Whiskey and Water.



12·30. Before leaving Table.



1·30. Before getting into Bed.

The above have been submitted to an eminent expert, who says he could almost swear they are the same hand-writing, but must come and dine with *Mr. P.*, in order absolutely to verify them.

A Bad Ending.—"Well, William, what's become of Robert?" "What, 'aven't you 'eard, sir?" "No! Not *defunct*, I hope!" "That's just exactly what he '*as* done, sir, and walked off with heverything he could lay his 'ands on!"

A SALVE FOR THE CONSCIENCE

Vegetarian Professor. "No, madam, not even fish. I cannot sanction the destruction of life. These little creatures, for instance, were but yesterday swimming happily in the sea."

Mrs. O'Laughlan. "Oh but, Professor, just think it's the first time the poor little things have ever been really warm in their lives!"

FELICITOUS QUOTATION

"Oh, Robert, the grouse has been kept too long! I wonder you can eat it!"

"My dear, 'we needs must love the highest when we see it'"

(*Guinevere.*)

Little Boreham (*relating his Alpine adventures*). "There I stood, the terrible abyss yawning at my feet——" *That Brute Brown.* "Was it yawning when you got there, or did it start after you arrived?"

At a dinner given by my Lord Broadacres to some of his tenants, curaçoa is handed in a liqueur-glass to old Turnitops, who, swallowing it with much relish, says—"Oi zay, young man! Oi'll tak zum o' that in a moog!"

PRICE FOR AGE

Mr. Green. "You needn't be afraid of that glass of wine, uncle. It's thirty-four port, you know."

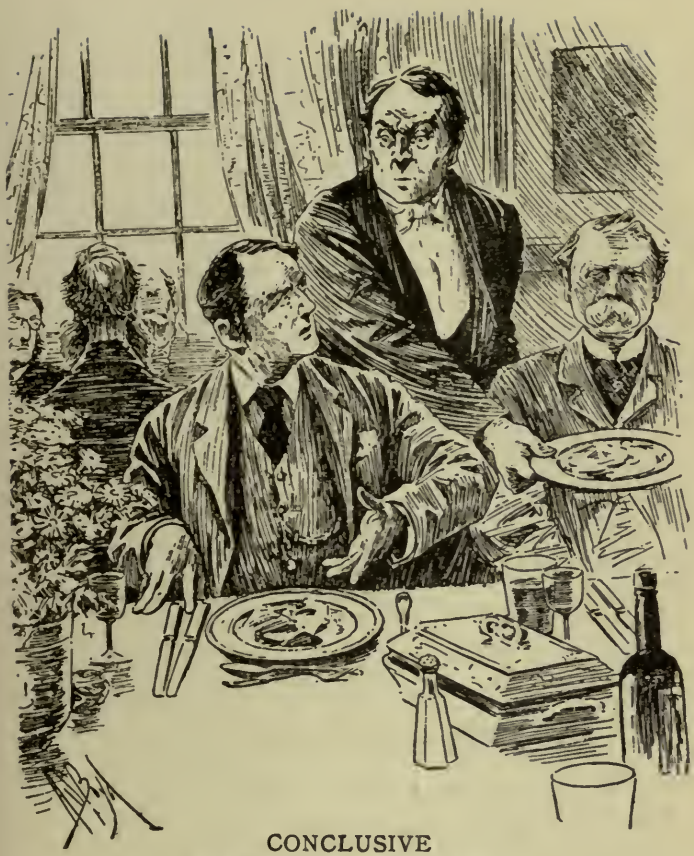
Uncle. "Thirty-four port! — Thirty-four fiddlesticks! It's no more thirty-four port than *you* are!"

Mr. Green. "It *is* I can assure you! Indeed, it's *really thirty-six;* and *thirty-four if you return the bottles!*"

FLUNKEIANA

Master. "Thompson, I believe that I have repeatedly expressed an objection to being served with stale bread at dinner. How is it my wishes have not been attended to?"

Thompson. "Well, sir, I reely don't know what is to be done! It won't do to waste it, and we *can't* eat it downstairs!!"



CONCLUSIVE

SCENE—*Hibernian Table d'hôte*

Guest. "Waiter! I say—this is pork! I want mutton!"

Waiter (*rather bustled*). "Yes, sorr, it'smutton ye *want*—but it's pork ye'll *have!*"

RAMBLING RONDEAUX

At Table d'hôte

AT *table d'hôte*, I quite decline
To sit there and attempt to dine!
Of course you never dine, but "feed,"
And gobble up with fearsome greed
A hurried meal you can't define.

The room is close, and, I opine,
I should not like the food or wine;
While all the guests are dull indeed
At *table d'hôte!*

The clatter and the heat combine
One's appetite to undermine.
When noisy waiters take no heed,
But change the plates at railway speed—
I feel compelled to "draw my line"
At *table d'hôte!*

SUFFICIENT EXCUSE

Jones (*to Brown*). I say, old fellow, I saw you last night, after that dinner. Your legs were uncommonly unsteady.

Brown. No, dear boy; legs were right enough. It was my trousers that were so "tight."

CRUEL!—*Lucullus Brown* (*on hospitable purpose intent*). "Are you dining anywhere to-morrow night?" *Jones* (*not liking to absolutely "give himself away"*). "Let me see"—(*considers*)—"No; I'm not dining anywhere to-morrow." *Lucullus Brown* (*seeing through the artifice*). "Um! Poor chap! How hungry you will be!"

["*Exeunt,—severally.*"

CANDID!

Simultaneously

Host (*smacking his lips*). "Now, what do you say to that glass of she——"

Guest. "My dear fellow, where did you get this abominable Marsala?"

Guests to be Avoided

"Hullo, old man! How is it you're dining at the club? Thought your wife told me she had the Browns and Smiths to dinner this evening?"

"No—that was yesterday. This evening she has the odds and ends."

Sectarian

"Hullo, John! What a jolly dish! Potatoes, greens, carrots, beans! Who's it for?"

"Mr. Binks, sir."

"Is Mr. Binks a *vegetarian?*"

"Oh no, sir! I believe he's Church of England!"

"TO PUT IT BROADLY"

Improvised Butler (to distinguished guest). "Will ye take anny more drink, sor?"

First Customer. "Waiter, a fried sole."

Second Customer. "Bring me a fried sole, too, waiter—and mind it is fresh."

Waiter. "Two fried soles—one fresh!"

AFTER MANY YEARS!—*Country Parson* (*to distinguished Peer, who has been making* THE *speech of the evening*). "How d'ye do, my lord? I see you don't quite remember me." *Distinguished Peer.* "Well—er—not altogether." *C. P.* "We were members of the same club at Oxford." *D. P.* (*with awakening interest*). "Oh—ah! Let me see—which club was that?" *C. P.* "The—er—*Toilet Club*, you know!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID

She. "We expected you to dinner last night, Herr Professor. We waited half an hour for you. I hope it was not *illness* that prevented you from coming?"

He. "Ach, no! I vas not hongry!"

A DILEMMA

Nervous Gentleman (to two sisters). "I've got to take one of you in to dinner. A—a—let me see—a—which is the elder?"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID

Jones (to hostess, famous for her dinners). "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Hodgkinson, if you should happen to want a really good cook, I know of one who would suit you to a T!"

THE RULING PASSION STRONG AT DINNER

Laconic Waiter (*thoroughly familiar with sporting Major's taste in champagne*). "Seventy-four, sir?"

Sporting Major (*down on his luck, after a bad week at Newmarket*). "Seven-to-four, sir! Dash it! wouldn't take ten to one about anything!"

CAUSE AND

Host (*to coachman, who is turned on as butler on grand occasions*). "I want you to see that all my guests enjoy themselves, Coggledab. Don't let them have to ask for anything. Be particularly attentive to my dear aunt, Mrs. Dumbledock!"

EFFECT

Coggledab (in a stage-whisper, during a lull in the conversation, to Mrs. Dumbledock, who has recently joined the Blue Ribbon Army. "'Ollands, whiskey, or cog-nack, mum? You can't be enjy-in' of yourself. *You're not drinkin' !*"

[*Mrs. Dumbledock alters her will the next day*

A LITTLE DINNER OF THE FUTURE

A Forecast by Mr. Punch's Own Clairvoyant

ACCORDING to the *Daily Chronicle*, "an American professor is looking forward to the time when cooking and dining shall become lost arts, and we shall take our sustenance in the form of tablets of concentrated things." Our esteemed contemporary appears to think that such a system would necessarily do away with all conviviality and social intercourse; but, unless MR. PUNCH'S clairvoyant is liable to error (which is absurd), we need not take quite so gloomy a view of the future. People will still entertain, only the dinner of the next century will be a more economical and less tedious function, and, instead of having to go through a trying interview with her cook, the coming hostess will merely look in at the nearest food chemist's, when some such conversation as the following will settle the whole business.

Hostess. We've some people coming in to take a few tablets with us this evening; what do you think I'd better have?

The Food Chemist. You will require *soup*, of course, madam. I could send you one of these patent soup-sprinklers, exceedingly simple to work, and quite the fashion in the highest circles: the butler sprays each guest before showing them

Old Jones. "Yes, my boy, *there's* wine for you, eh? I bought ten pounds worth of it the other day."

Brown. "What a *lot* you must have got!"

upstairs. We supply the machine, charged with the very best soup, at ninepence a night.

Hostess. No, I don't want anything *fussy*, its quite an informal little gathering. An ounce of those mock-turtle jujubes at fourpence I had last time will do very well.

The F. C. Very good, madam. Then, with regard to fish? I can strongly recommend these bi-carbonate of cod and oyster sauce lozenges, or I have some sulphate of salmon and cucumber pastilles, that I think you would like, ninepence the quarter-of-a-pound.

Hostess. I'm afraid I mustn't be extravagant. I'll take a small bottle of condensed smelt tabloids (the *sixpenny* size), and what are left will come in nicely for the children's dinner next day.

The F. C. Precisely so, madam. And as to *entrées*—will you have cockscomb cachous or sweetbread pilules?

Hostess. It makes such a *long* dinner. I don't want a lot of things.

The F. C. In *that* case, madam, I think I have the very article—a most elegant electro-chemical preparation, combining *entrée*, joint, and bird, with

A BIG ORDER

Stout Party (*to waitress*). "Put me on a pancake, please!"

just a trace of vegetable matter, put up in small capsules, at one and elevenpence halfpenny the box of one dozen.

Hostess. That would be cheaper than having each course in separate tablets, *wouldn't* it? I think I'll try a box. What wonderful improvements they bring out nowadays, to be sure!

The F. C. They do indeed, madam. I am told that the Concentrated Food Stores will shortly be able to place on the market a series of graduated wafers, each containing a complete dinner, from a City banquet to a cutlet, at prices to correspond with the number of courses required.

Hostess. Delightful! And then the most expensive dinners will be all over in a minute, instead of dragging on to ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, as I've known them to do sometimes! I've often thought what a pity it is that we waste so much precious time as we do in merely supplying our bodily wants.

The F. C. We are improving, madam, slowly improving. And what about sweets, cheese, and savouries?

Hostess. I might have one of those two-inch

AT A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC BANQUET.—*Waiter (to colleague).* "Well, they may 'ave the intellec', Fred, but we certainly 'as the good looks!"

blocks of condensed apple-tart, and a box of cheese pills—*no* savouries. You see, it's only a *family* party!

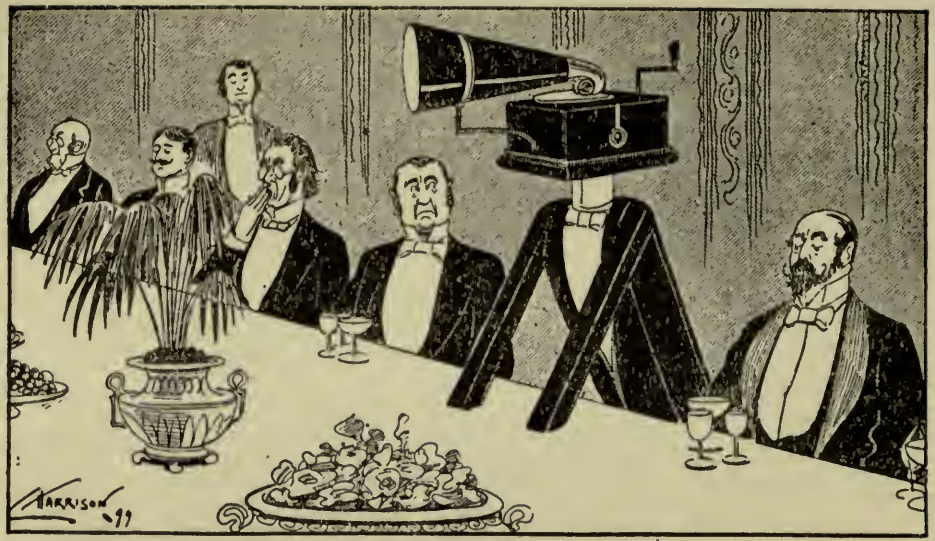
The F. C. Exactly so, madam. And shall you be needing anything in the way of stimulants?

Hostess. Let me see—you may send me in a couple of ounces of acidulated champagne drops—the *Australian* quality, *not* the French, they're twopence an ounce dearer, and so few people notice the difference nowadays, do they?

The F. C. (*to himself*). Not until the next morning! (*Aloud.*) And liqueurs? Any brandy-balls with the coffee creams? We have some very fine essence-of-dessert jellies——

Hostess. Nothing more, thank you. (*To herself as she departs.*) I'm sure I've spent quite enough as it is on John's stingy old relations, who never ask us to have so much as a lunch-lozenge or a tea-tabloid with them!

Lady of uncertain age (*discussing dinner party*). No, I cannot say it was very complimentary; they gave me to an archæologist to take down.



Why not a phonographic after-dinner speech machine? Celebrities could be represented at any number of banquets.

["An experiment in dinner speeches by telephone is to be tried at Massachusetts Institute."]

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE

Would-be Considerate Hostess (*to son of the house*). "How inattentive you are, John! You really must look after Mr. Brown. *He's helping himself to everything!*"

[*Discomfiture of Brown, who, if somewhat shy, is conscious of a very healthy appetite.*

THINGS ONE WOULD(N'T) RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.—(*In Mrs. Talbot de Vere Skynflynte's drawing-room, after one of her grand dinner-parties where nobody gets enough to eat.*) *General Guzzleton.* "What's that? Tea? No, thanks. I never take tea unless I've dined!"

PROVERBS FOR BALL AND DINNER GIVERS

Ices and tea and coffee and small cakes are as good as a feast.

You may bring an amateur tenor up to a piano, but you cannot make him sing.

A lord in the room is worth two dukes in the bush.

In provincial society the lord-lieutenant is king.

Flirtation is the mother of invention.

All good dances lead to the conservatory.

Take care of the rounds, and the squares will look after themselves.

It is a wise waltzer who knows her own step.

A dinner in time saves nine.

When the confectioner comes in by the door the cook flies out by the window.

What is port to your wine merchant is death to your guests.

Keep your champagne dry.

Call a stable-boy by any other name, and he

Our Gallant Colonel. "Your daughters, my dear Mrs. Tympanum, are looking delightful to-night—simply delightful!"

Mrs. Tympanum (rather hard of hearing, and very intent on a rôti of ducklings). "Yes, aren't they! I've had them stuffed with sage and onions!"

will resemble the rose under similar circumstances.

You can't make a head butler out of a local greengrocer.

When the soup is cold, the wit flies out.

If you have enough cheap and nasty dishes, some of them must be eaten.

The *menu* makes the dinner.

Ask *Mr. Punch* to a really good and well thought-out meal, and you will have an exceptionally lucky man for your guest.

THE SIGH OF THE SEASON

GOOD-BYE dinner, good-bye lunch,
Good-bye turtle, good-bye punch,
Good-bye jambon soaked in cham.,
Good-bye venison, cutlets lamb,
Good-bye salmon, smelts, and sole,
Good-bye Heidsieck's monopole,
Good-bye hock, sauterne, and sherry,
Good-bye all that makes me merry,
Good-bye liqueurs, *petite verre*,
Good-bye sauce *au Vin Madère*,
Good-bye all these joys of life,
Good-bye fork, and good-bye knife,
Good-bye all I take when out,
Good-bye *then* this twinge of gout!

CRUEL!—*Smith (usually a shy, reserved, and silent man) tells a rather long, but otherwise entertaining, story, about an orange, which meets with great success. Brown (when the laughter and applause have subsided).* "Bravo, Smith! Capital, old man! But, I say, you told it better one night at Jones's, a few months ago!" *Jones.* "No, no! Where he told it best was that morning we breakfasted with *you*, Brown, somewhere about the beginning of the year before last!" *Robinson.* "Ah, but don't you recollect the way he told it after that supper I gave you fellows at Evans' in 'fifty-one'? How we *did* laugh, to be sure!"

WHOSE FAULT?—*Wife* (*reproachfully*). "O, Charles!" (*She had returned to the dining-room, wondering why he had not come upstairs to tea.*) *Charles* (*who had evidently taken a little too much wine*). "V'y well, my dear! 'Sh not my fault! 'Sh your fault! Cooksh fault! 'Bisque soup was salt! Sh'preme d'la V'laille was smoked! And orange frittersh 'tough as leather! What did Capt'n du Cane shay? Bad cookery cause of all sorts o' crimes. 'Shamed of yourshelf!"

"For when our veins are filled
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts."—SHAKSPEARE: *Coriolanus.*

AFTER-DINNER CRITICISM.—*Guest (who has had a pleasant evening, will just have a look at his host's pictures before he goes).* "Yesh—(*hic*)—'like tha' pictsh're! Fi' lanshc'pe! 'Like the treesh! 'Branshes wave 'bout s' nash'rally!!!"

DINNER PLATITUDES

TWICE of soup is vulgar, but three times of soup implies that you must be more than double-plated with vulgarity. Such a thing was never known, not even at the Trinity Board, and turtle is not the slightest excuse for your pushing things to such a vulgar length. An alderman would really blush for you.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, and an invitation to take a glass of wine will frequently restore warmth between two friends where only coldness existed before.

No matter how plain your cook may be, so long as your dinner is well-dressed.

A few compliments go a great way. A little savoury *pâté* is quite enough. Try too many, and you'll find they'll prove heavy.

When the ladies retire from the dinner-table, it is not usual for you (supposing you to be a gentleman) to retire with them. In this instance, the same law extends to the mistress as to the servants:—"No Followers Allowed."

DOWN A PEG.—*Mr. Gifted Hopkins (minor poet, essayist, critic, golfer, fin-de-siècle idol, &c.).* "Oh, Mrs. Smart—a—I've been thinking, for the last twenty minutes, of something to say to you!" *Mrs. Smart (cheerfully).* "Please go on thinking, Mr. Hopkins,—and I'll go on talking to Professor Brayne in the meantime

A gratuity well bestowed frequently has a happy effect. The servant that is fee'd well takes care that his master does the same.

In the hands of an inferior *artiste*, whether an omelette turns out good or bad, is quite a matter of toss up. It is the same with a pancake.

Keep ill-natured people from your table, as you would sour fruit. They are sure to disagree with every one. Avoid crab-apples, lest the apple of discord should turn up amongst them.

ODE TO A DINNER-GONG

"THE tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell."
So said, admiringly, the late Lord Byron,
But he had never heard *your* noisy knell,
O blatant bellowing thing of brass or iron,
Or surely he had metrically cursed
Your nerve-distracting Corybantic clangour.

Would his fine indignation could have versed
My utter hate, my agonising anger.
Alas! is gusto then so great a sin,
Is feeding man so terrible a sinner
That such a worse than *Duncan*-raising din
Must summon him to—dinner?

PAST AND PRESENT.—*Serious and much-married man.* "My dear friend, I *was* astonished to hear of *your* dining at Madame Troisètoiles!—a 'woman with a past' you know!" *The Friend* (*bachelor "unattached"*). "Well, you see, old man, she got a first-rate *chef*, so it isn't her 'past,' but her 're-past' that *I* care about."

DINNERS AND DINERS

(With apologies to the P-ll M-ll G-z-tte)

It had been my good fortune to give to Mademoiselle Faustine, a charming little actress, a tip for the Welter Plate last spring. What more natural than that I should ask her to give me a dinner as some slight return? She readily accepted, and asked me to name the day. Glancing at the sixth volume of my engagement book, I found my first vacant date was June 18, '97. This was fortunate, as it is hardly possible—except at Voisin's—to get a decent dinner unless you order it a year in advance.

"Where shall we dine?" asked Faustine.

"There is only one place where people *do* dine," I answered, a little reproachfully. "The Bon Marché. I will order the dinner."

So the place and the date were fixed.

* * * * *

As Faustine was a quarter of an hour late—I had not seen her since our arrangement—I waited

A CONNOISSEUR.—*Sir Pompey Bedell.* "This bottle of Romanée-conti seems rather cloudy, Brown! It *ought* to be all right. I know it stands me in *twelve guineas a dozen!*" *The New Butler.* "There certainly *is* some sediment, Sir Pompey; but it's of no consequence whatever! I tried a bottle of it *myself* the other day, and found it first-rate!"

in the alabaster portico of the Bon Marché, chating amiably to the courteous commissionaire, an old comrade of mine in the Wimbledon days. Jules, the courteous *chef*, was *au désespoir*. Why had I not given him more notice? Madame was fifteen minutes late. If he had only known! In a year and fifteen minutes it is possible to cook a dinner. In a year—no. I tried to calm the worthy fellow—an old ally of mine in the Crimean war. In vain; he complained the sardines were spoiling. So I went into the dining-room, nodding courteously to eight princes of the blood, neither of whom appeared, for the moment, to recognise me.

As I seated myself, the entire staff, headed by a brass band, brought me my *sardines à l'huile*. These are a *specialité* of the house, and are never—should never be, at least—eaten with the tin. The *potage à la potasse* was quite excellent. I congratulated the courteous *chef*, pointing out to him the desirability of mixing, sometimes, a little antipyrine into the potassium—both drugs far too rarely used in modern cookery. Then came the question of wine. This I solved for the moment

A PIOUS FRAUD!

"Hullo, Monty, what have you got in your button-hole? You don't mean to say you've joined the blue ribbon army?" "Yes; for this night only. Going to dine with Jakes. Don't want to hurt poor old Jakes' feelings—don't want to be poisoned by his beastly wine. See?"

by ordering two Jeroboams of Stereoscopic Company et Fils; a *cuvée* of '80, absolutely *reservée* for my own use. As I had engaged the entire staff of waiters, a crown prince, who was entertaining one of our leading bicyclists, rose to leave, with his guest. I smiled and nodded to them as they passed, which appeared to hasten their departure.

The *moulin à vent* was delicious, but the *dindon décousu* I could not pass. No self-respecting *gourmet* will pass everything at a dinner.

Gontran, the kindly *maître d'hôtel*, was almost in tears, but I consoled him by observing that the ostriches were cooked to a turn, and the *bombe glacée à l'anarchiste* faultless.

But my hostess? Where was she? Where was Mademoiselle Faustine? I had quite forgotten her! I beckoned to Hagenbock, the press representative of the restaurant, who informed me she had been dead eight months! I, who read nothing but menus, had omitted to notice this in the papers. I was greatly pained. The shock unnerved me—I could eat no more. Besides, who was now to pay the bill?

I reproduce the bill.

IN THE DAYS OF THE CRINOLINE—DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Couverts, £5. Diners, £36 8s. Pain, 2s. Champagne, £47. Liqueurs, 15s. Addition, 3s.

In all, £89 8s.—(This is one of the few restaurants where a charge is made for the addition.)

"Make out the bill," said I, "in francs, and send it to the executors of Mademoiselle Faustine."

II.

Monsieur Victor de Train-de-Luxe is in many respects a delightful person. In other ways he is not. For instance, because he was, accidentally, the cause of my backing a winner at Ascot (simply by means of ordinary stable information), he had the bad taste to suggest that I should stand him a dinner.

I said, "Certainly, my dear Comte" (Comte being the courtesy title I invariably give to foreigners from whom I have the hope of borrowing money).

"Where shall it be?"

"There is only one place where one *can* dine," I said.

"Of course—the Bon Marché," he replied.

REPLETION.—*Robert.* "Pudding or cheese, sir?" *Abstracted Editor.* "Owing to pressure of other matter, 'regret we are unable to find room for it!"

"No," I answered. "No, *mon ami.* If you wish to eat a really characteristic English dinner, come to the Vegetarian Restaurant in Edgware Road. Come along. Come, *now!*"

"But it's only six o'clock. I am not hungry."

"All the better," I replied. And I also pointed out to him that the best way to see London is outside an omnibus. So we started.

* * * * *

Arrived at the restaurant, I was enthusiastically received by the courteous cashier, who presented me with a previous bill, which, I noticed, had not been receipted. I said I thought it rather rude to present a gentleman with a bill which they hadn't taken the trouble to receipt.

We sat down.

"I'm glad," I said to Victor, "that I didn't know this dinner was coming off to-day. If I had had notice, I might have ordered it beforehand; and a dinner, to be perfection, should be eaten, if possible, on the day it is cooked. At least, that's what I always think. I may be wrong."

Brown (*who has been dining at the club with Jones*). "Just come in a minute, old fellow, and have a night-cap."

Jones. "I'm afraid it's getting a little late. Let's see how's the enemy."

Brown. "Oh! that's all right. *She's* in bed."

Monsieur de Train-de-Luxe smiled, said I was a *farceur*, and I ordered our dinner.

First, some turnip turtle soup, then, ortolans of spinach and mashed potatoes, followed by a canvas-backed duck made of Indian corn, and last, not least, plum-pudding. As all will agree, this makes a very delicious and seasonable repast. Long dinners have quite gone out of fashion. And this was washed down with a sparkling bottle of orange champagne, '97.

My friend Victor, who is rather a *gourmet*, was so struck with the first mouthful of soup, that he said it was quite enough, observing, he had never tasted anything like it.

Pleased with this praise, I asked his opinion of the ortolans. He said that their aroma dispensed with the necessity for their consumption. He was evidently surprised.

When the bill was presented by the courteous "chucker-out," we found that most unluckily neither of us had any money.

I append the bill.

Dinners (for two), 1*s.* 9*d.* Champagne, 3*d.* Total, 2*s.*

INNOCENTS IN THE CITY

Mrs. Fitznoodle (*evidently not well versed in the delicacies of a Guildhall feast*). "Freddy, dear, can you tell me what *is* the difference between 'calipash' and 'calipee'?"

Colonel Fitznoodle (*hesitating, and looking round for an answer*). 'Certainly, my dear. Exactly the difference there is between Gog' and 'Magog'!"

To this I ought really to add:—

Cab (for three) to Marylebone Police Court, 1s. 6*d*. (The constable refused to walk without us.)

Loss to reputation by report of proceedings, 8*d*.

The Business of Pleasure

Professor Guzzleton (*to Fair Chatterbox*). Are you aware that our host has a French cook?

Fair Chatterbox. So I hear!

Professor Guzzleton. And that that French cook is the best in London?

Fair Chatterbox. So I believe!

Professor Guzzleton. Then don't you think we had better defer all further conversation till we meet again in the drawing-room?

"My uncle, the admiral," said Mrs. Ramsbotham, "is very old fashioned, and always goes to sleep every day after dinner with his banana on his head."

SYMPATHETIC

Toast-master (*to chairman of public dinner*). "Would you like to propose your toast now, my lord, or should we let 'em enjoy themselves a bit longer?"

INFELICITOUS MISQUOTATIONS.—*Hostess.* "You've eaten hardly anything, Mr. Simpkins!" *Mr. S.* "My dear lady, I've dined '*wisely, but not too well!*'"

TRIUMPHS OF THE FUNNY MAN

Hired Waiter (*handing the liqueurs*). "*Please*, sir, *don't* make me laugh—I shall spill 'em all!"

OVERHEARD AT A CITY RESTAURANT

"I said Welsh *radish*, not *horse rabbit!*"

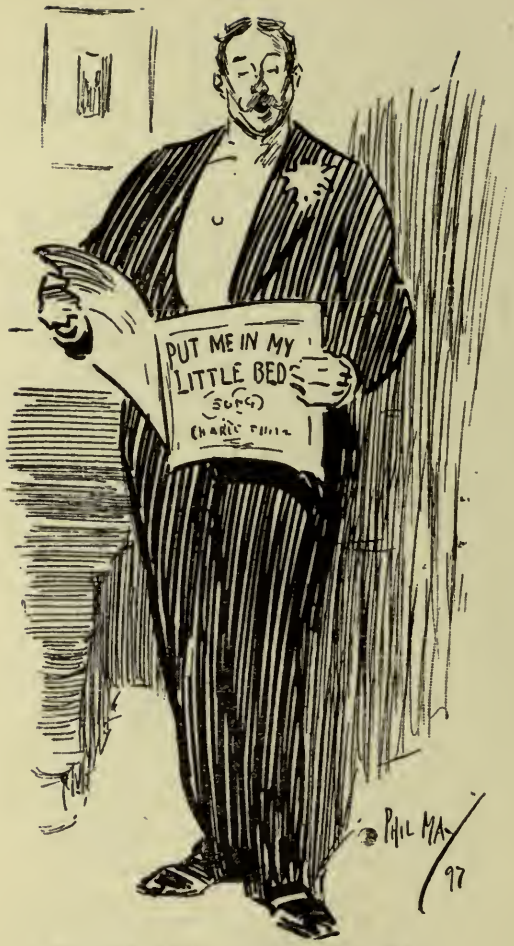
IRRESISTIBLE

Our Robert (on duty in the provinces, offering dish to neglected spinster). "Little duck!"

[*In such a tone of voice, that, at the risk of the sage and——she accepts!*

Host. "I say, my boy, shall we join ladies in drawing-room?" *Guest.* "I sh'inksho." *Host.* "Can you say, 'The scenery's truly rural 'bout here?'" *Guest.* "Sc-scenery tooralooral." *Host.* "All right, come along!"

HE KNEW THE CUISINE.—*Hungry Diner* (*scanning the menu*). Look here, waiter, I'm starving. I think I'll have a little of everything!" *Waiter.* "Yessir. (*Bawls off.*) 'Ash one!"



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS

BEAUTY'S EYES
Song
Paolo Tosti
PHIL MAY
98

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS

The Heart Bow'd Down

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS

TO BLOSSOMS.
Maude Valerie White

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

"WHEN the wine is in, the wit is out;"
Only to dolts the adage reaches.
No wise man could for a moment doubt
The value of after-dinner speeches.

Punch can remember the time when Peel,
Whose wisdom still the country teaches,
After steak and port, his nine o'clock meal,
Made the best of after-dinner speeches.

When the Ministers come to the Mansion House,
(The King of London their presence beseeches,)
No guest who has any touch of *nous*
Will be weary of after-dinner speeches.

When the Royal Academy blooms in May,
With its pretty girls and their cheeks like peaches,
Who won't, on the opening Saturday,
Listen to after-dinner speeches?

When there's ought that's generous to be done,
A greeting to pay that no soul impeaches,
A dinner's the best thing under the sun,
And its gold coin the after-dinner speeches.

And as to the House, which often suffers
From talk that to dreariest platitude reaches,
It does not often allow its duffers
To make long after-dinner speeches.

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS

SCENE—CHOP-HOUSE

Enter Street Boy, and, with suppressed ecstasy. "Oh, please, there's your cat and kittens having such a game with the things in the winder!"

At the Cric-Crac Restaurant

Customer (*looking at bill*). Here, waiter, there's surely some mistake in this total.

Waiter (*politely*). Zehn thousand pardons, sir! Mit my usual carelessness I have added in ze date and vorgot to charge you for ze butter.

An Oversight!

Swell. Waiter! This—ah—chop's vewy dwy!

Waiter. 'Ndeed, sir? Perhaps if you were to order something to drink with it, sir——

A REBUKE

Host. "Fish is very expensive, just now, I can tell you. This salmon cost me two and sixpence a pound!"

Guest (no business of his). "Ah, it's very good, I think I'll take another eighteen penn'orth!"

CAUTION

The Major. "Don't you like liqueurs, Mrs. Jinks?"
Mrs. Jinks. "Yes; but they make one so *unreserved!*"

A BORN ORATOR (IN THE EAST)

Farmer (*proposing landlord's health*). "An' if a' squiears 'ud *dew* as *our* squiear *dew*, there wudna be so many on 'em as *dew* as they *dew dew !* '

NO EXCUSE FOR NOT BELIEVING.—"Then you don't believe in phrenology?' "No, rather not. I once gave one of those fellows a sovereign to read my head, and, after feeling it a long time, all he said was, that I had no idea of the value of money."

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE PUT DIFFERENTLY.—*Mr. Bumblepup.* "I must apologise for coming in ordinary evening dress." *Hostess.* "Well, you really have the advantage of us. We're all looking more foolish than usual, and you're not."

Mr. Boreham (*in the thick of a long and pointless story*). "Well, as I was saying, I happened to be in the City the other day, and, as I was walking down Cheapside, whom should I meet but my old friend, Stodgeley, whom I haven't seen for fifteen years. Well, what do you think he did? He stopped dead when he saw me, slapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'Surely this must be my dear old friend, Boreham?'" *She* (*with difficulty keeping awake*). "Yes?—*and was it?*"

Hostess (*to friend who has been brought in to take pot-luck*). "I'm afraid, Mr. Simpson, we've only got a very poor dinner to offer you."
Mr. Simpson. "My dear Mrs. Jones, I beg you not to apologise! I assure you I think it quite desirable to *underfeed* occasionally!"

THE DINNER CHAIRMAN'S VADE MECUM

(*Compiled for the use of Orators during the Month of May Mouthings*)

Question. You are accustomed to take the chair at a public dinner?

Answer. Yes. Or, to speak by the card, a dinner for the rest of the company.

Q. Why, do you not partake of the good cheer before you with the rest of your convives?

A. Certainly not. I have to speak later on—a consideration which entirely destroys my appetite.

Q. Is there anything new to be said in the loyal toasts?

A. No; and therefore it is better to return to the simplest form, which is sure to be received with heartfelt enthusiasm.

SOCIAL AGONIES.—"I say, old chap, it's short notice, but *do* come and dine this next Thursday!" "Can't, dear old man. I'm engaged three deep for the night!" "Oh, sorry! I've got the Duke and Duchess of Runnymede, and Lord Savory!" "Oh," —(*seeing it in quite a different light*)—"*next* Thursday, did you say? I thought you said Thursday *week*. Oh, yes, I shall be delighted!"

[*Their Graces and Lord S. never turned up, after all!*

Q. What can be said about the united service?

A. That it is absolutely delightful to expend millions in the furtherance of their interests.

Q. And can anything interesting be put in about the Houses of Parliament?

A. Not much. Sneers at the Lords are no longer popular, and the Lower House is too respectable to be anything but a dull subject.

Q. What about the toast of the evening?

A. That must be left to the secretary, who will furnish the chairman with the necessary facts, which may be mixed with original remarks, two-thirds humorous to one-third pathetic.

Q. How are the visitors to be treated?

A. With fulsome eulogy or comic depreciation inspired by the pages of that excellent manual, *Who's Who*. Particular attention can be paid to the entries under "Recreations" in that admirable work, for appropriate chaff.

Q. And in what terms does a chairman respond to the toast of his own health?

A. In a few muttered words addressed to an audience composed of a gentleman fast asleep, the toast-master, and the waiters.

REASSURING

"Lor' bless yer, sir, that's all right, sir! *That* ain't a fly, sir!—*that's* a bit of dirt!"

BREAKING THE ICE

Sprightly Lady. "Mr. Dormers, would you oblige me with——"

Bashful Curate (*who had scarcely spoken to his fair neighbour*). "O, certainly. What shall I have the pleasure to offer?——"

Lady. "——a remark!!"

THE CONNOISSEUR.—*Host* (*smacking his lips*). "There, my boy, what do you think of that? I thought I'd give you a treat That's '34 port, sir!" *Guest.* "Ah, and a very nice, sound wine, I should say! I believe it's quite as good as some I gave 37*s.* for the other day."

A GENTLE SNUB.—"Here, waiter—quick! Something to eat—and look sharp!" "Yessir. What'll you 'ave, sir?" "Oh—anything—I don't care. Chop or steak—whatever you like." "You must excuse me, sir; but I don't feel called upon to decide!"

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW

TIME—3 P.M. SCENE—*Club.*

First Gilded Youth. "Had any breakfast, old chappie?"
Second Gilded Youth. "Yes. Had an egg beaten up at twelve."
First Gilded Youth (in admiration). "Doose you did! What a constitution you must have!"

THE FIRST ASPARAGUS OF THE SEASON

Farmer (at market dinner). "Wull, gen'elmen, I dunno wot be the c'rect way o' servin' these 'ere, but I gen'elly eats just the ends of 'em myself!"

[*Helps himself to the tops!*

THE GENIAL SEASON

Hungry-looking Acquaintance (with eye to invitation). "So glad to see you enjoying yourself!"

Fat Chap (evidently doing well). "Wrong again, old man. I'm enjoying my dinner!"

A WAITER'S WARNING

"ENTOMOLOGY IN PARLIAMENT STREET.—Mr. Frank W. DUFREY, 55, Parliament Street, writes to the *Field*:—'It will interest your entomological readers to hear that a fine specimen of the death's-head hawk moth (*Acherontia atropos*) was taken in Parliament Street on Monday evening. It flew into the dining-room at the Red Lion Tavern, and was captured by one of the waiters, who was alarmed at its size and the peculiar noise it made. Apart from its being rather rubbed, it is a very good specimen of the largest of our lepidoptera, and is now in my possession.'"

"WILLIAM, where's John?
What, is he gone?"
"Not gone away, sir.
Sorry to say, sir;
John ill a-bed, sir,
Bad in 'is 'ed, sir.
'Ad a great fright, sir.
Turned 'is 'air wite, sir.
Last Monday night, sir."
"Struck down with fear!
How? Let me hear."
"'Orrible thing, sir,
Came on the wing sir;
Window in through, sir,
Suddently flew, sir,
Into this room, sir,
A shape from the tomb, sir.
'Twasn't a bat, sir;
No, sir, not that, sir:

Mrs. Godolphin. "Shall we meet at Dunchester House to-morrow?"

Mrs. Lascelles. "No. *I* was there on Monday. I heard there were a few people going to-morrow."

Mrs. Godolphin. "Oh, yes. She has only asked quite a few people. On Monday, now, I hear there was quite a big rabble there!"

Moth, sir, we thought, sir.
But wen it was caught, sir,
Huttered a shriek, sir,
A scream, sir, a squeak, sir!
Hinsect, you know, sir,
Couldn't do so, sir.
Wot should we find, sir,
On its back, sir, be'ind, sir,
Printed, exact, sir?—
A skull, sir,—a fact, sir!
John gasped for breath, sir;
Thought it was Death, sir—
Notice to quit, sir.
John was that frit, sir.
John 'ad a fit, sir—
Went a'most mad, sir.
John very bad, sir;
Better, bimeby, sir;
'Opes John won't die, sir.
Doctor 'e said, sir,
Moth, named death's 'ed, sir,
In natteral 'istory, sir;
Rare; but no mystery, sir:
Honly a prize, sir,
A catch in 'is heyes, sir,
As a medical gent, sir,
No call to repent, sir—
That's 'is belief, sir.
A sirloin of beef, sir,
Just up—very nice, sir.
Bring you a slice, sir?
Potatoes and greens, sir—
And any French beans, sir?"

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF IMPORTANCE.—*Mrs. Brown.* "We are having some friends to dine with us on the twenty-fourth, Mr. Green, and want you to come and help to wait at table, as usual." *The Family Greengrocer.* "On the twenty-fourth, ma'am? I'm sorry to say I'm engaged on the twenty-fourth." *Mrs. Brown.* "Dear me! How unfortunate! We are so accustomed to you, and you know our ways." *Mr. Green.* "Yes, ma'am. Couldn't you write and put off your friends till the week *after*, ma'am?"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID

"By the way, your friend O'Leary dined with me last night. What a dull dog he is!"

"Oh, that depends on what company he's in!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID

"You can't go home when it's raining like this. You'd better stay and have dinner with us!"

"Oh, it's not quite so bad as *that!*"

FREAKS OF NATURE

Waiter. "Now, then, look sharp! Here's that mutton chop a biling with rage at bein' kep' waitin', and a beefsteak gone away in a towering passion!"

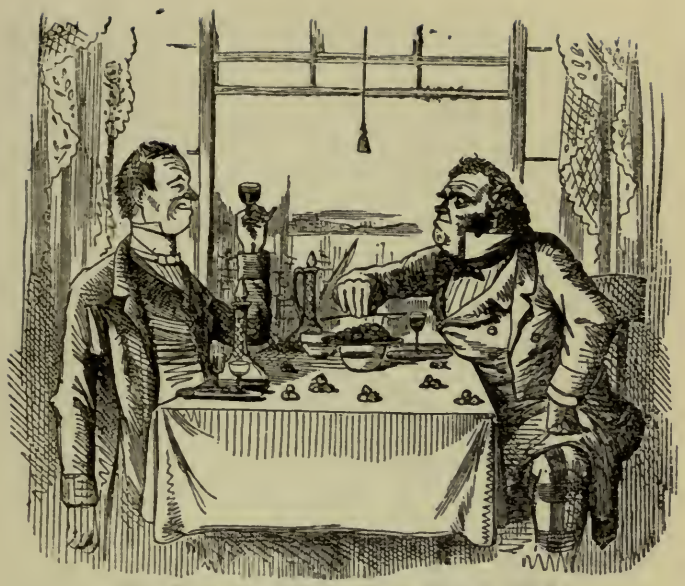
A NEW DISH

Sympathising Swell (*waiting for some chicken*). "You've got no sinecure there, Thomas!"

Perspiring Footman. "Very sorry, sir—just 'elped the last of it away, sir!"

ALARMING SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING BOILED BEEF AND GOOSEBERRY PIE

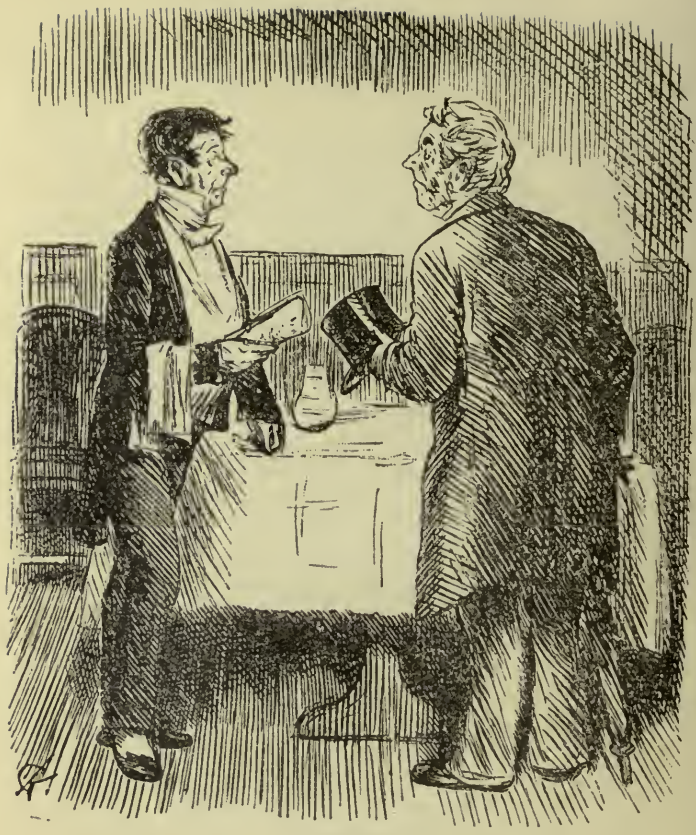
Little Boy. "Oh, lor, mar, I feel just exactly as if my jacket was buttoned."



BROWN AND JONES OVER THEIR WINE

Jones. "How would I take Cronstadt? With vigour and decision, nothing more easy. My dear Brown, look here. This table is the Baltic, very well. Now look—(*Jones places certain strawberries for the forts; the city of Cronstadt on this occasion only being represented by a plate of gooseberries at the back.*) Here we are. The strawberries the forts: Cronstadt the gooseberries. Now a little vigour and decision! This spoon is the *Duke of Wellington*, three-decker, leading the van. We go in here, firing both broadsides at once, to destroy the forts to larboard and starboard; while at the same time our guns in the bows and stern-sheets smash the other forts before and behind. Very good. We are then in front of Cronstadt—the city of Cronstadt. We shell that, sir; shell it of course! Blow up the powder-magazines; capitulation ensues; the Russian fleet is in a blaze, and, my dear Brown, that is how *I* would take Cronstadt——"

Brown. "——After dinner."



HEAVY

Stranger (*just arrived at the City of Eastminster*). "What can I have for dinner, waiter?"

Waiter. "Anything you please, sir!"

Stranger. "What are you celebrated for here?"

Waiter. "Well, sir, there's the cathedral——!!"

HORRIBLE SUSPICION

Old Gentleman. "Oh, waiter, why is it that a dinner off the joint is five shillings, but if you only have made dishes and soup, it's two shillings and sixpence?"

Waiter. "That, sir, is on account of the very high price of butcher's meat just now, sir."

SELF-EXAMINATION

Party (*slightly influenced*). "Queshion ish! Am I fit to go intodrawingroom? Letsh shee!—I can shay gloriush conshyshusn!—Have seen Brish inshychusion—all that shortothing—thatledo—here gosh!"

During the Cattle Show.—*Old Farmer Wuzzle* (*reading the bill of fare*). "Dinners har lar cart! What does that mean, Polly?" *Miss Wuzzle* (*who has been to a fashionable boarding-school to be finished, who has been taught French and how "to spank the grand bianner," and who is never at a loss*). "Aller cart, father? Why, that means a small, simple dinner. If you want something heavy and first-rate, you order what they call a dinner waggon!"

"March of Refinement," 1875.—*Brown (behind the age, but hungry).* "Give me the bill of fare, waiter." *Head Waiter.* "Beg pardon, sir?" *Brown.* "The bill of fare." *Head Waiter.* "The what, sir? O!—ah!—Yes!"—(*to subordinate*)—"Chawles, bring this—this—a— gen'leman—the *menoo!!*"

"MELTING!"

Stout Chairman (*who feels the fire close at his back rather oppressive*). "Waiter, I asked you to bring me a screen."

Waiter. "Master's very sorry, sir, but we ain't got no screen!"

Stout Chairman. "Then, for goodness' sake, tell the cook to send up the dripping-pan, and put it under me, quick!"

"I say, waiter, this salmon cutlet isn't half so good as the one I had here last week."

"Can't see why, sir. It's off the same fish!"

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE WAITER"
"All right, sir! My fault!"

DRINKING SCENE OF THE FUTURE

(*In consequence of the Growing Demand for Lighter Liquors*)

SCENE—*The interior of a Dining-room. The ladies have just left, and the gentlemen are discussing their beverages.*

Smith. I say, Brown, if it is not an impertinent question, where did you get that toast-and-water?

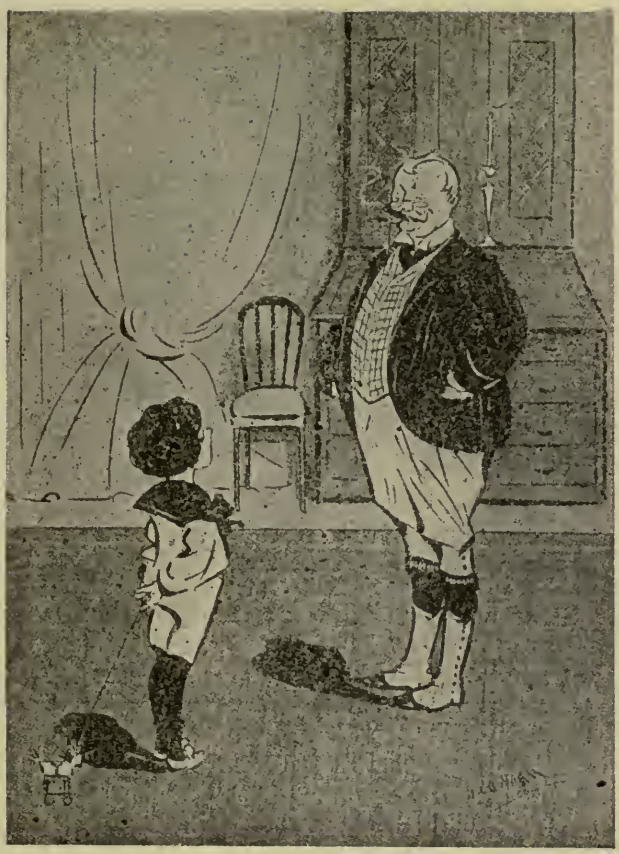
Brown. I thought you would be deceived! It was a cup, not the pure article! My butler is a first-rate hand at it. I will give you the recipe if you like.

Smith. Do. It was excellent. What *is* the secret?

Brown. Something, I fancy, to do with water-cress.

Jones. I say, Brown, that was really very nice sherbet. Turkish or Persian?

Brown. Neither. Came from the Stores. Home-made.



A PERSONAL GRIEVANCE

"I say, won't they let *you* go into long trousers?"

Jones. Well, it certainly was capital. I could have sworn that it had been manufactured east of the Levant.

Brown. More likely east of Temple Bar. And now shall we have a whitewash before we join the ladies?

Six Guests. No, thanks! Really not!

Half-a-dozen more of the Company. Really not! No, thanks!

Brown. Nonsense! (*Produces a pint bottle of lemonade.*) Nonsense, I repeat! Look here, my boys. (*Locks door.*) Not one of you fellows shall leave the room until you have finished *this!*

[*Draws cork of pint bottle, and distributes the lemonade amidst the good-natured protestations of the revellers. Scene closes in upon the temperance orgy.*

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE

THE GOORMONG. (*Epicuri de Grege Porcus. British Isles*)

Mr. Huggins. "*What* a 'eavenly dinner it was!" *Mr. Buggins.* "B'lieve yer! Mykes yer wish yer was born 'oller!"

THE NEW SCHOOL.—*Uncle (who is rather proud of his cellar).* "Now George, my boy, there's a glass of champagne for you—don't get such stuff at school, eh? eh? eh?" *George.* "H'm—awfully sweet! Very good sort for ladies—but I've arrived at a time of life, when I confess I like my wine *dry!*" (*Sensation.*)

PLEASANT!—*Lord Reginald Sansdenier* (*in answer to confidential remark of his host*). 'Twenty thousand pounds worth of plate on the table, Sir Gorgius? I wonder you ain't afraid of being robbed!" *Sir Gorgius Midas.* "*Robbed*, my lord! Good 'evens! I'm sure yer lordship's too honnerable heven to *think* of sich a thing!"

DINING AL FRESCO

(*Extract from an Earl's Courtier's Notebook*)

6 P.M.—Come down early, to get a table. Can't. All the tables booked a week in advance. Very angry. Manager says he'll see what can be done for me—later on. Fairly satisfied. He had better!

7 P.M.—In state of heat. Have a fair appetite. Ask for table. "What table?" "The one promised me—later on." "Very sorry, but they are all engaged." Awfully angry. Explain that I am a person of some importance. Can do the place a great deal of good if I do have a table, and *vice versâ*. Manager desolated. See everybody else stuffing, drinking, and enjoying themselves. How they can have the heart! And *I* table-less! But, no matter, a time will come. I'll write to "the leading journal" and denounce everything and everybody.

7.15. P.M.—Explosively wrathful. At last! Ha! ha! Got a table. But at the back somewhere.

Farmer. "I say, John, what do you call a pineapple—a fruit or a vegetable?"
Waiter. "A pineapple hain't neither, gentlemen. A pineapple is always a hextra!"

Strong smell of cooking. Distant echo of a band. Exceedingly annoyed. Have tasted *hors d'œuvres.* Sardines decent.

7.20 P.M.—*Bonne Femme* soup good. Have ordered champagne cup. Still annoyed.

7.30 P.M.—Salmon mayonnaise distinctly excellent. Good idea to have cold dinner. Champagne cup well brewed. Don't notice the smell of cooking. Can hear the band. Nice band.

7.40 P.M.—*Pâté de fois gras en aspic.* Capital. Cold joint. First-rate. Salad artistically mixed. Second champagne cup as good as first. After all, place of table not so bad.

A TRUE ARTIST.—*Mamma (to Tommy, who has been allowed for a few minutes to wait at table).* "Now, Tommy, kiss me, and go to bed." *Tommy (to footman).* "Do *you* ever kiss the missus, Charles?" *Footman.* "No, sir!" *Tommy.* "Then *I* won't!"

THE MENU A LA MODE

COME, DAMON, since again we've met
We'll feast right royally to-night,
The groaning table shall be set
With every seasonable delight!
The luscious bivalve . . . I forgot,
The oyster is an arch-deceiver,
And makes its eater's certain lot
A bad attack of typhoid fever.

With soup, then, be it thick or clear,
The banquet fitly may commence—
Alas, on second thoughts, I fear
With soup as well we must dispense.
The doctors urge that, in effect,
Soup simply kills the thoughtless glutton.
It's full of germs. I recollect
They say the same of beef and mutton.

Yes, each variety of meat,
As you remark, is much the same,
And we're forbidden now to eat
Fish, oysters, poultry, joint or game.
But though a Nemesis each brings,
The punishment, the doctors tell, is
As nothing to the awful things
Awaiting all who toy with jellies.

SMALL SOCIAL AGONIES

Hostess. "It's but a poor lunch I can give you! But my cook has got influenza!"
Enfant terrible. "Oh, mummy, you *always* say that!"

"Cheese—that is not condemned with these
Yet ample evidence we find
To make us, Damon, look on cheese
As simply poison to mankind;
While those who may desire to pass
Immediately o'er Charon's ferry,
Have but to take a daily glass
Of claret, hock, champagne or sherry.

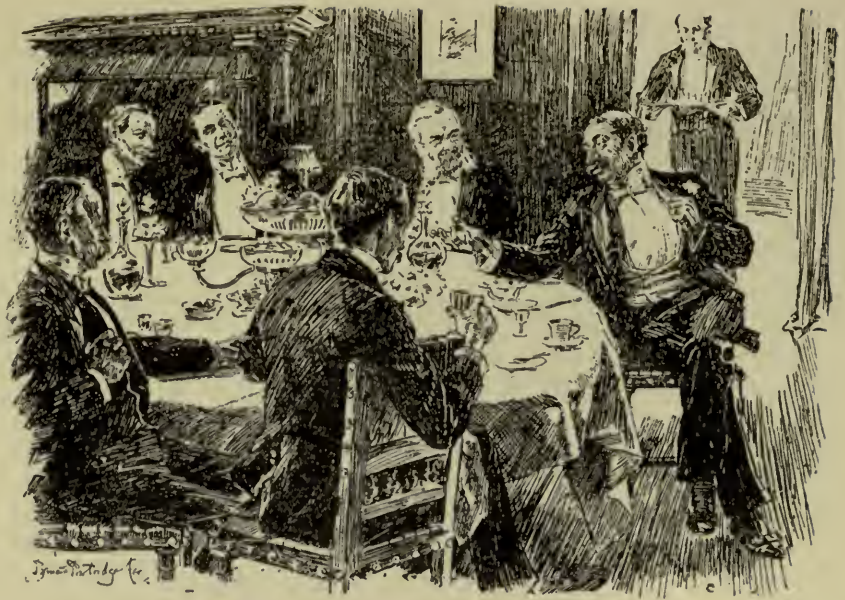
And therefore, Damon, you and I,
Who fain would live a year at least,
Reluctantly must modify
The scope of our projected feast;
A charcoal biscuit we will share,
Water (distilled, of course,) we'll swallow,
Since this appears the only fare
On which destruction will not follow!

QUITE A NOVELTY.—*Amiable Experimentalist.* "Makes a delicious side dish, doesn't it? But it is not the common mushroom; it's a large fungus, called the agaricus procerus. It grows solitary in hedge rows, is called colubrinus, from the snake-like markings on its stem. The pileus is covered with scales, which are formed by the breaking-up of the mud-coloured epidermis, and——" (*General panic takes place*

THE DIRGE OF THE DINER

A Restore-Wrong Ryme

"*ATTENDANCE is charged in the bill!*
Delighted we sit down to dine;
And order our food and our wine.
The waiter is passing polite,
We eat with a grand appetite
Of dishes compounded with skill.
The room is so cosy and light;
The glass and the silver are bright;
Our flag of defiance is furled,
We seem all at peace with the world,
And rest quite contented until——
Attendance is charged one and nine.
We pay its collector a fine;
And give to the waiter polite
A tip he regards as his right
And duty of ours to fulfil!
The carver, too, looks for a fee;
The man with our coat, so does he!
The porter expects something more,
Who calls us a cab at the door!——
"*Attendance is charged in the bill!*"



THE GOLDEN KEY.—*Mr. Montgomerie.* "Ah! my dear boys, you're right. The extent to which our English system of 'tipping' has grown is something monstrous! Why, I can assure you—that—at some of the big country houses I stop at, it costs me a ten-pound note *to get out of 'em!*" *Jones (to his neighbour, sotto voce).* "Wonder how much it costs him to *get into* 'em?"

THE ECONOMICS OF SMOKING

BY JOSEPH FUME.

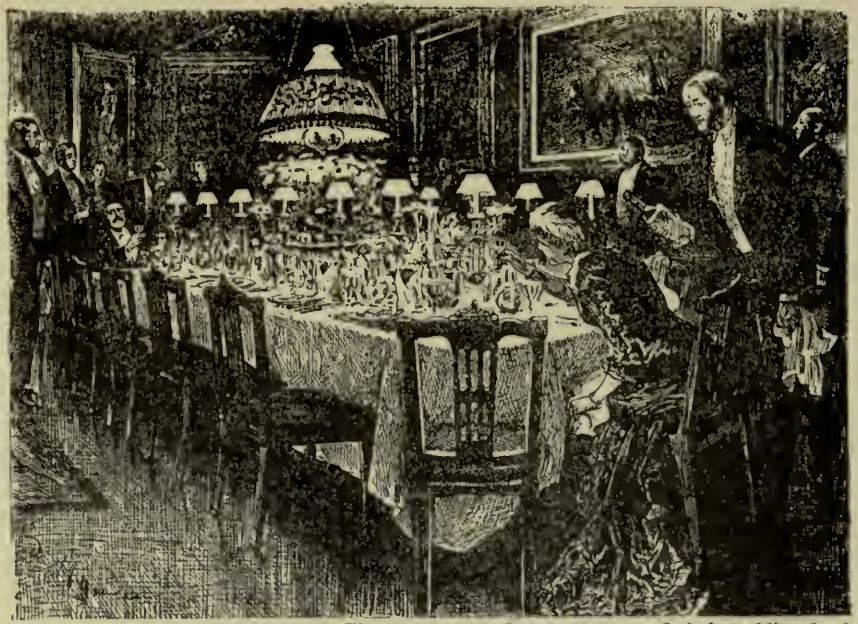
THE man who smokes half his cigar, and puts the remainder by, knows nothing about smoking.

The man who carries no cigar-case has no right to levy contributions on those who do.

Never buy a cigar at a chemist's, they are sure to remind you of their origin. I once knew a chemist, who also sold wine and cigars, and I am sure he could only have had one workshop for his three businesses, and that was his laboratory.

Mistrust the tobacco that is given in half-payment of a bill. Such dealers may be clever in drawing a bill, but it is rarely that their cigars are distinguished for being good "drawers."

The man who smokes with wine is quite capable of taking sugar with oysters.



ANNALS OF A RETIRED SUBURB.—The Montgomery Joneses celebrated their wedding-day by giving a dinner on an unusually magnificent scale to some of their London friends. Unfortunately, an unexpected change in the weather during the afternoon has made the road up the hill rather heavy, so that the London friends omit to turn up.

PROVERBS FOR TABLE

Set a thief to catch a thief:
Think of this when eating beef.

All that glitters is not gold:
Think of this when that beef's cold.

Harm is done by too much zeal:
Think of this when eating veal.

Life's a jest, and all things show it:
Think of this when drinking Moet.

Happiness flies Court for garret:
Think of this when drinking claret.

Gold may oft be bought too dear:
Think of this when drinking beer.

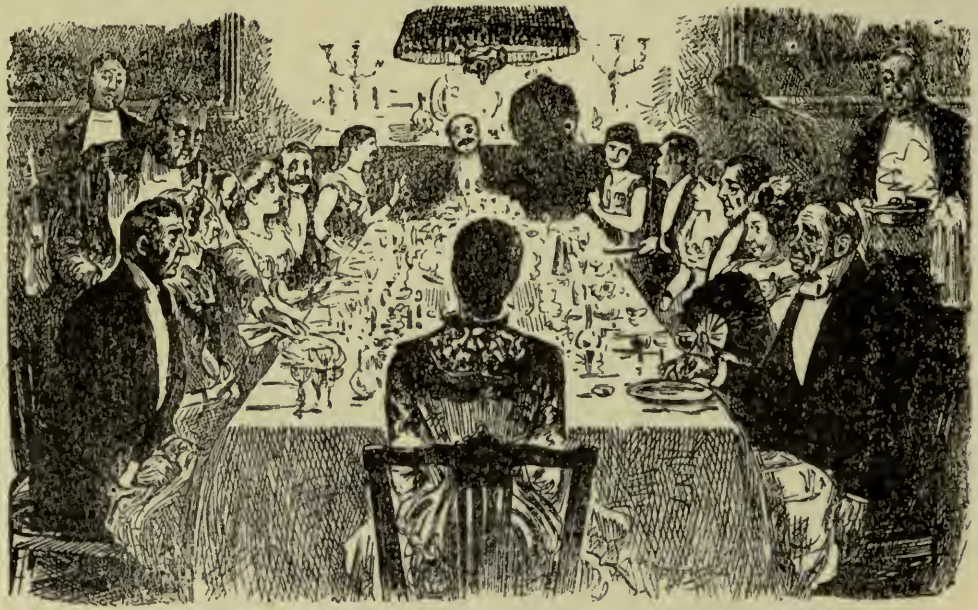
Many littles make a mickle:
Think of this when eating pickle.

Silent fools may pass for wise:
Think of this when eating rice.

Unto Rome conduct all roads:
Think of this when eating toads.

Flog first fault: *principiis obsta*,
Think of this when eating lobster.

While grass grows the horse may starve:
Think of this when asked to carve.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID

Hostess. "What fun you seem to be having over there, Captain Smiley! I wish you all sat at this end of the table!"

Shake the tree when fruit is ripe:
Think of this when eating tripe.

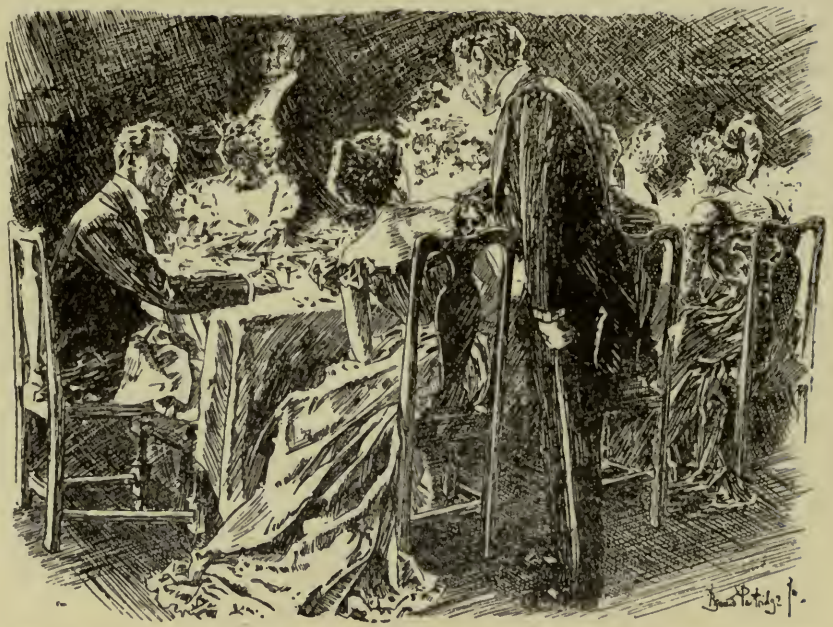
Fools build houses, wise men buy
Think of this when eating pie.

Pause, ere leaping in the dark;
Think of this when eating lark.

Punctual pay gets willing loan;
Think of this when drinking Beaune.

Wisdom asks fruits, but Folly flowers:
Think o' *this* when eating cauliflowers.

Birds of a feather flock together;
Think of this when the idiot of a cook has boiled the oysters in the sauce, and made them as tough as leather.



Waiter (*who has "seen better days"—absently, as he pours out the champagne*). "Say when!"

SPRING-CLEANING.

"In Spring when woods are getting green,"
My wife begins the house to clean,
And I am driven from this scene,
Of scrub-land

The mops and pails left on the stairs
I come across, quite unawares,
And break my shins and utter—prayers,
For tub-land.

In clouds of dust I choke and cough,
Such draughts! My hat I dare not doff,
I'd go (if I were not a toff)
To pub-land.

But—mum—I won't kick up a shine
Nor of delight give any sign,
But, quietly, I'm off to dine
In Club-land.

A Soaker' Paradise.—Dropmore.

A Monster Meeting.—A giant and a dwarf.

Poetical Licence.—A music-hall's.

Turf Reform.—Mowing the lawn.

Quiet Man (*as a particularly "steep" story of adventure comes to a close*). "Er—will somebody pass the *salt*, please?"

Adolphus (grandly; he is giving his future brother-in-law a little dinner down the river). "Waitar—you can—ah—leave us!" *Old Waiter.* "Hem!—yessir—but—you'll pard'n me, sir—we've so many gents—'don't wish to impute nothink, sir—but master—'fact is, sir—*(evidently feels a delicacy about mentioning it)*—we're—you see, sir—'*sponsible for the plate, sir!!!*"

GRAND BURNS' FESTIVAL—BROWN ENTERTAINS HIS FRIEND WI' A HAGGIS!

DISCLAIMER BY A DINER-OUT

ABOLISH party? Whose delight were greater
Than mine? I hail the chance with rapture hearty.
But oh! I *can't* agree with the *Spectator*,
Who'd do away with—gods!—the dinner party!
No, let us compromise,—we'll all be winners,—
And firmly banish party from our dinners!

SYMPATHY

(SCENE—*In front of Mrs. R.'s house*)

Mrs. Ramsbotham (*paying Cabman*). You look all right to-day.

Cabman. Ah, mum! my looks don't pity me. I suffer from a tarpaulin liver.

Mrs. R. (*correcting*). A torpedo liver, you mean.

[*Cabman accepts the correction, and an extra shilling*

HAPPY THOUGHT.—*Sir Pompey Bedell* (*poking the fire in his new smoking-room*). "This wretched chimney has got into a most objectionable way of smoking. A—I can't cure it." *Bedell Junior.* "Just give it a couple of your cigars, governor!—it'll never smoke again!"

"CRAMMING" (*See opposite page.*)

"CRAMMING."

Affectionate Uncle. "Glad to see you, Rupert. Now tell me all about it. What form are you in, old boy?"

Nephew (just returned from Harrow). "Well, uncle, not so bad, I think. I can generally manage a couple of eggs, two sausages, or kidneys, some Dundee marmalade, and two cups of coffee for breakfast. I always have a little luncheon, any amount of roast beef or mutton for dinner, and I generally look in at the confectioner's in the afternoon, and invariably wind up with a good supper. What do you think of that?"

[*Disappointed and misunderstood uncle subsides, and thinks it best to make no comments.*

Old Gentleman (*who has not hurried over his dinner, and has just got his bill*). "Waiter, what's this? I'm charged here twopence for stationery. You know I've had none——"

Irish Waiter. "Faix! yer honour, I don't know. Y'ave been sittin' here a long t-h-ime, anyhow!!"

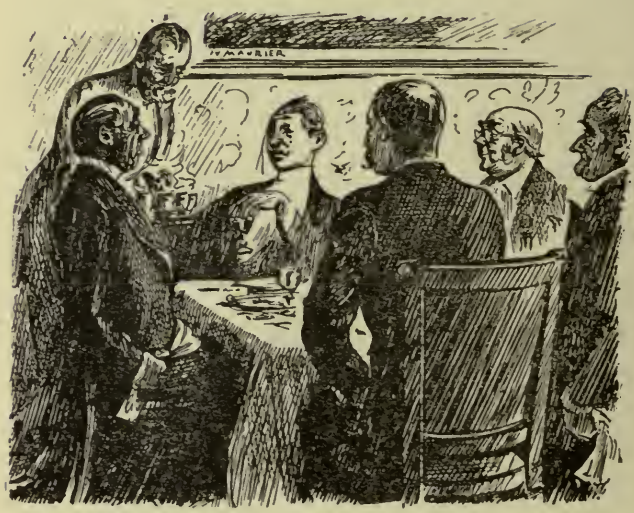
"A STRICT REGARD FOR TRUTH."—*Nephew.* "Hold up, uncle People 'll think you're screwed!" *Uncle* (*the wedding breakfast had been hilarious*). "Shcrew'd! No, no, Sheorgsh! No' sh' bad 'sh that! 'Shame time—don' le'sh be"—(*lurching heavily*)—"osht'n-tas'hly shober! 'Can't bear osht'ntash'n!!"

SEASONABLE LUXURY

Old Gent (*disgusted*). "Here, waiter! Here's a—here's a—a—caterpillar in this chop!"

Waiter (*flippantly*). "Yessir. About the time o' year for 'em just now, sir!"

THE "STATUS QUO ANTE."—*Squire (desiring to improve the taste of his country friends, has introduced at his table, in the place of the usual brandied Spanish and Portuguese wines, the natural vintages of France and Germany).* "Now, Mr. Barleymead, how do you like this 'Chateau Lafitte'? Another glass——" *Farmer B.* "Thanky, sir; it's uncommon nice.—(*He had drunk a bottle or two.*)—But we don't seem to get no forruder!!"



COMING OUT AS A CONVERSATIONALIST

Young Ganderson (*proudly conscious of the general attention*) "Oh yes, it's in *Soho*, you know. I know the place well. They give you a capital dinner for eighteenpence—wine included."

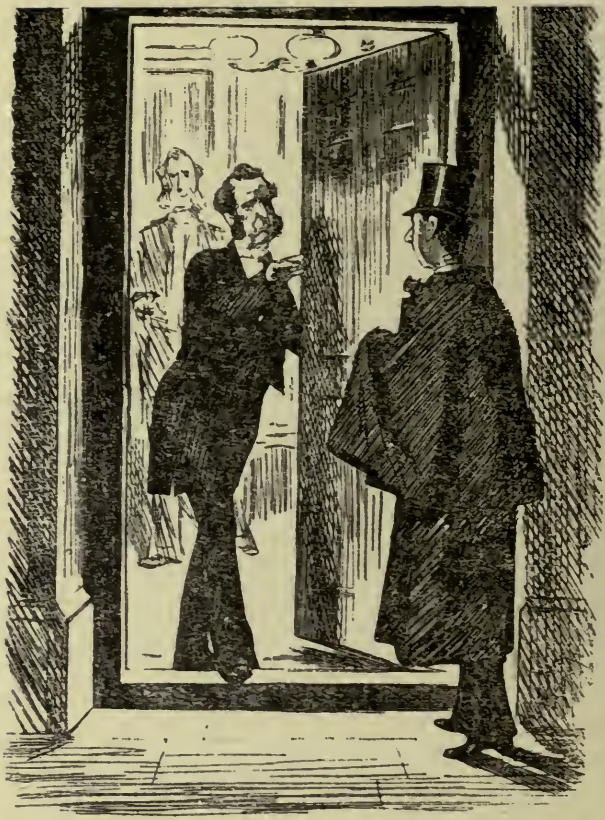
Host (*proud of his cellar*). "And is the wine drinkable?"

Young Ganderson. "Oh yes—very good—better than the wine we're drinking now!"

AN AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND

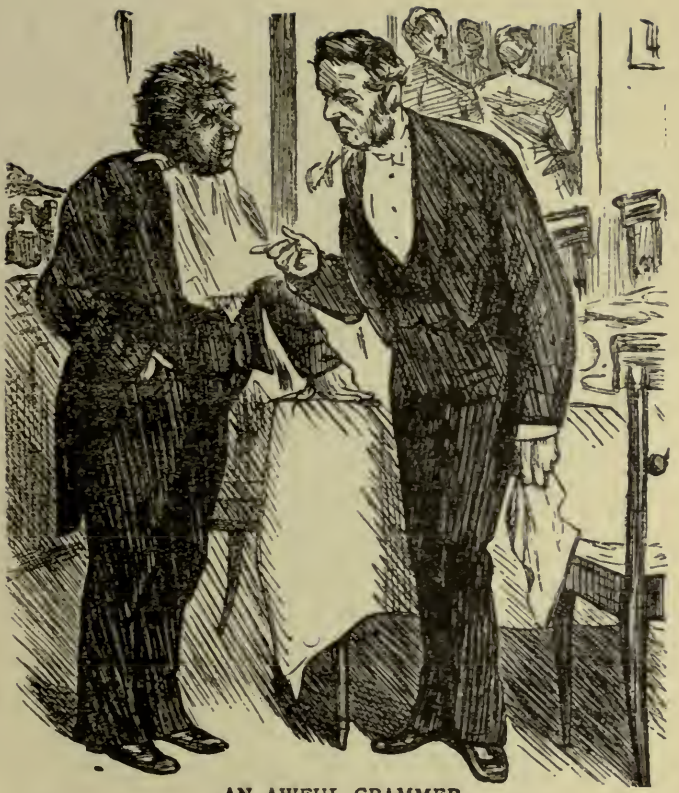
Tomkins. "You are going it, old fellow! Real turtle, eh? and venison to follow, eh?"

Jobkins. "Why, yes—you see it's my wife's birthday; and as she dines early, I thought I'd celebrate the anniversary in the city."



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—(*As the De Smiths, to whose dinner-party he was invited, lived in the next square, Brown thought he would walk over.*) *Head waiter* (*under a wrong impression*). "This won't do, young man! We've been expectin' o' you this 'our and a 'alf! No napkins laid, no glasses, no——"!!!

[*Brown never got over it all the evening.*



AN AWFUL CRAMMER

Proprietor of boarding-house (*taking stout guest aside*). "You'll excuse me, Mr. Sharpset, but your appetite is so large that I shall be compelled to charge you a shilling extra. It can't be done at two shillings!"

Diner. "No! For heaven's sake don't do that! I can eat two shillings'-worth easy; but if I have to do three—I really—'afraid I should—but I'll try!!"

THE BETTING EVIL

Waiter (down tube). "Wild duck, one!"
Voice from the kitchen. "Did he? Just like my luck
Backed another wrong 'un!"

NOT VERY LIKELY

Waiter (in response to the Colonel's very vigorous reminder). "Oh yes, sir, immediately! 'M—let's see—a *glass of milk*, sir, wasn't it?"

FIGURATIVE

Head Waiter (*the Old Gent had wished for a stronger cheese*). "Hi! James—let loose the Gorgonzola!"

BEWILDERING

Mr. Wuzzles (*up for the cattle-show*). "Cheese, waiter!"

'*Robert.*' "Yessir! Rockfor', commonbare, grew'ere, noo-chattell, gorgumzo——"

Mr. Wuzzles (*testily*). "No, no! I said *cheese!*"

"ON THE FACE OF IT"

Host. "I don't like this Lafitte half so well as the last, Binns. Have you noticed any difference?"

New Butler. "Well, sir, for myself I don't drink claret; I find port agrees with me so much better!!"

AWFUL WARNING!—*Guest* (*at City Company dinner*). "I'm uncommonly hungry!" *Ancient Liveryman* (*with feeling*). "Take care, my dear sir, for goodness' sake, take care! D' you know it happened to me at the last Lord Mayor's dinner to burn my tongue with my first spoonful of clear turtle; 'consequence was—(*sighs*)—'couldn't taste at all—anything—for the rest of the evening!!"

It is quite possible to have too much of a good thing—as for example, when you get the asparagus shot over your favourite dress-coat with the silk facings.

Testy Old Uncle (*unable to control his passion*). "Really, sir, this is quite intolerable! You must intend to insult me. For the last fourteen days, wherever I have dined, I have had nothing but saddle of mutton and boiled turkey—boiled turkey and saddle of mutton. I'll endure it no longer."

[*Exit old gent, who alters his will.*

Moral.—*How ridiculous a man appears—particularly a man at a grave period of life—who is over-anxious about his eating and drinking!*

"ALL THE DIFFERENCE"

Dyspeptic Diner. "Um"—(*forking it suspiciously*)—"what is it, waiter?"

'*Robert.*' "It says 'ronyongs sorty' on the menoo, sir. But I can't say what it may be on the dish!"

His Partner. "I really never heard a better speech in my life! Such a wonderful flow of——"

He. "Great Scott! That reminds me—I've left the bath-room tap at home full on!"

THE NICE LITTLE DINNER

Tommy (*who is standing a feed to Harry*). "Oh, hang it, you know, fourteen bob for a bottle of champagne! That's coming it rather strong, ain't it?"

Waiter (*with perfect composure*). "We have some *cheap* wine, sir. at half-a-guinea!"

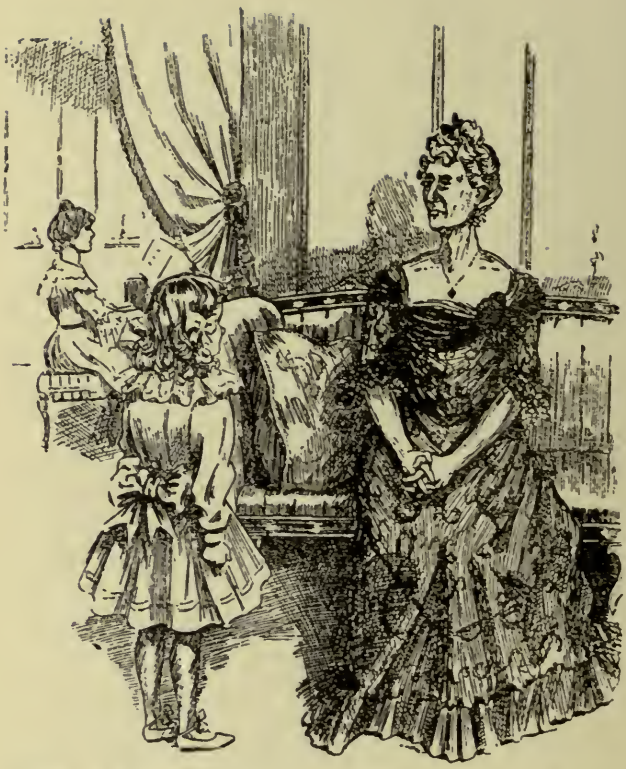
TOO LITERAL BY HALF

SCENE.—*A "cheap" chop-house not a hundred miles from L—nd—n.*

Waiter. "Paysir? Yessir—Whataveyeradsir?"

Matter-of-fact old gentleman (*who has been reading the* "Quarterly" *on* "*Food and its adulterations*"). "Had? why, let me see: I've had some horsetail soup, spiced with red-lead and shop-sweepings: a plate of roast cow, and cabbage boiled with verdigris: a crust of plaster of Paris, baked with alum and bone-dust: half-a-pint of porter brewed from quassia and strychnine: and a cup of charred liver, annatto, and other unknown ingredients."

[*Exit waiter for a straight-waistcoat, and a stomach-pump.*

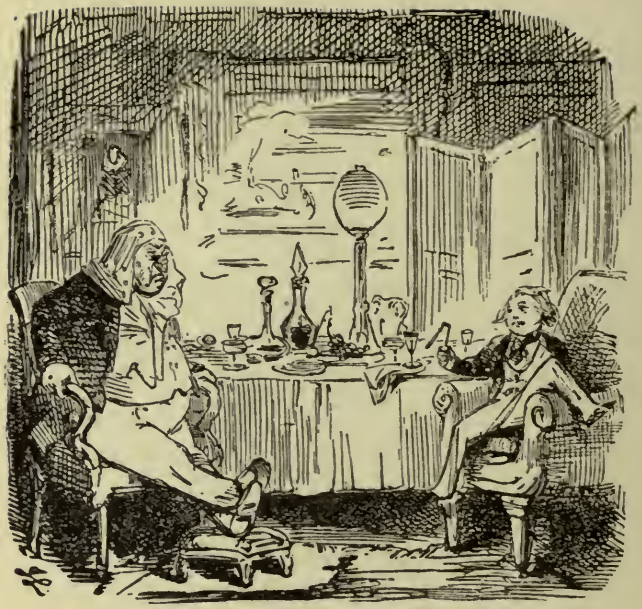


Dolly. "Please, Miss Sharp, mamma says, have you *really* left your songs at home?"

Miss Sharp. "Yes, dear. Why?"

Dolly. "Well, papa says 'it sounds too good to be true'!"

EUREKA !—*Isaacstein (late of Whitechapel, showing old friend over bathroom in new house).* "What am I goin' to do with it? Vell, you see, I've always rather wanted a place where I could keep goldfish!"



Juvenile. "Uncle!"

Uncle. "Now then, what is it? This is the fourth time you've woke me up, sir!"

Juvenile. "Oh! Just put a few coals on the fire, and pass the wine, that's a good old chap."

NURSERIANA.—*Little Chris.* Oh! mamma, mamma, baby's moulted again."

Mamma. Moulted! What do you mean?

Little Chris. Why, he's just dropped another tooth!

SAFEST WAY OF TAKING A LADY DOWN TO DINNER

(Another reminiscence of the days of the crinoline)

SAT UPON

Hospitable Host. "Does any gentleman say pudden?"
Precise Guest. "No, sir. No *gentleman* says *pudden*."

UNEXPECTED GRATUITY.—*Waiter.* "Beg pardon, sir, but I think you've made a mistake. This is a halfpenny!" *Old Gent* (*grandly*). "Oh dear no—not at all, not at all! I never give less!"

Hickling (to friend, who finds some difficulty in keeping his cigar alight). "I say, old man, what matches do you smoke?"

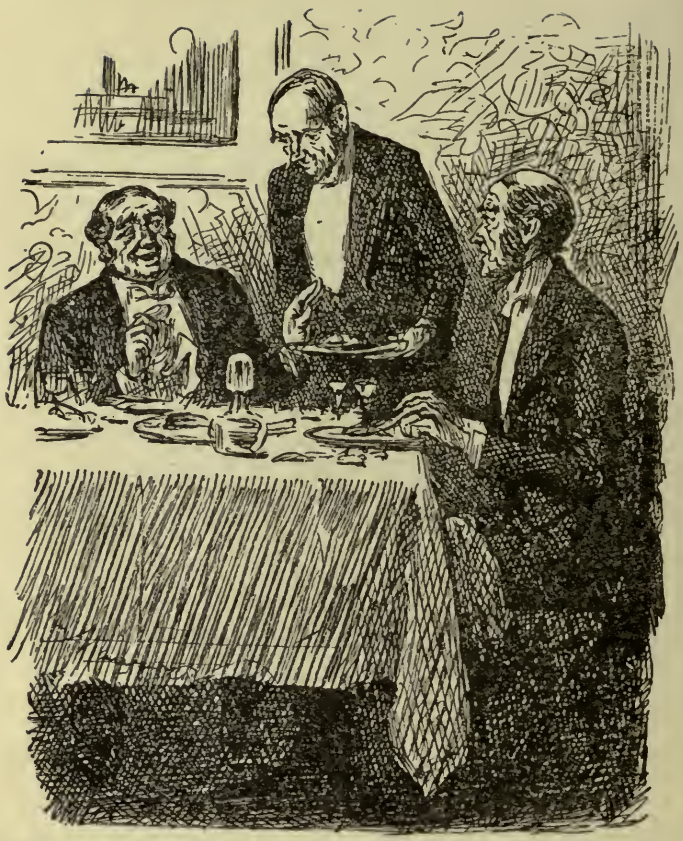
He. "Fond of Bridge?" *She.* "Awfully!" *He.* "Do you know I always think there's something *wanting* in people who don't play?"

Old Party (*very naturally excited*). "Why, confound you! You are wiping my plate with your handkerchief!"

Waiter (*blandly*). "It's of no consequence, sir—it's only a dirty one!"

IN DESPERATE STRAITS

Jones (*blue ribbon—to abstemious lady he has taken in to dinner*). "Look here, madam, we don't seem to be getting on a *bit!* Either you must have a glass of champagne, or, by Jove, I must!!'



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID

Guest (*who is a bon-vivant, to host, who isn't*). "You must come and dine with *me*, Jones!"

Host. "With pleasure, my dear friend! When?"

Guest. "*Now!*"

"NOT QUITE THE CHEESE!"

British Farmer. "What sort o' cheese do you call this? Full o' holes!"

Waiter. "Grew-yere, sir."

British Farmer (*suspiciously*). "Then just bring one that grew somewhere else!"

THE END

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